

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1874.

Vol. II. No. 97.

The Bloomfield Record.

An Independent Weekly Newspaper.

Devoted to Local and General News, Choice Family Reading, First-Class Advertising.

Terms: \$1.50 in Advance. Subscriptions Begin at Any Time.

OFFICE ON GLENWOOD AVENUE.

Space.	1w.	2w.	3w.	4w.	5w.	6w.	12m.
1 Inch	50	100	150	200	250	300	\$5.00
2 "	100	200	300	400	500	600	10.00
3 "	150	300	450	600	750	900	15.00
4 "	200	400	600	800	1000	1200	20.00
5 "	250	500	750	1000	1250	1500	25.00
6 "	300	600	900	1200	1500	1800	30.00
7 "	350	700	1050	1400	1750	2100	35.00
8 "	400	800	1200	1600	2000	2400	40.00
9 "	450	900	1350	1800	2250	2700	45.00
10 "	500	1000	1500	2000	2500	3000	50.00

To Advertisers.

THE RECORD is not a gratuitous, or mere advertising sheet, but has a bona fide Subscription List Circulation. Therefore its value to advertisers is not estimated and appreciated, but always certain and reliable. We do not employ a sliding scale of rates. As soon as the publisher is not afraid to print an advertising tariff, based on the actual circulation of the paper. Advertisers outside of Bloomfield wishing to place their business before the people of our town and vicinity, should call themselves of our columns, which afford the best, most reasonable, reliable and satisfactory medium.

THE RECORD PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT is complete in every appointment, with New Materials, Presses, etc. We are prepared at all times to do Good Work Promptly and at Very Low Prices. Please favor us with your orders.

VILLAGE DIRECTORY.

MORRIS & ESSEX RAILROAD.—To Newark and New York. Bldgwood Depot, Bldgwood ave. Central Depot, Glenwood ave. Watessing Depot, Watessing ave.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—To New York Direct. Depot on Grove St. near Belleville ave. Chestnut Hill Depot, Junction of Lincoln Ave. and Bldgwood St.

HOUSE CARLS FOR NEWARK.—Via Broad Street, Franklin St., etc. Every Half Hour to 10 P. M.

POST OFFICE, Broad Street, H. Dodd, P. M. Mails arrive at 8:45 A. M. and 5:45 P. M. Mails close at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M. Letters Registered for any P. O. Money Orders Issued, Stamped Envelopes, News Wrappers, etc. for sale.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Fremont street, Rev. D. Kennedy, D. D., Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School after Morning Service.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal) Liberty St. Rev. Mr. Danner, Pastor. Services Sunday 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 2:30 P. M.

BLOOMFIELD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, On the Park, Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School after morning service.

METH. EPIS. CHURCH, Broad Street, Rev. H. Spellmyer, Pastor. Services Sunday 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN PRES. CHURCH, Rev. J. Esselin, Pastor. Services 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Franklin St. Rev. Dr. Stubbart, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M.

WATESSING M. E. CHURCH. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M.

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays in each month, over Madison's Market.

COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Ira Campbell, Residence, Washington street. Office over Madison's Market.

JUSTICE'S COURT—Over Madison's Market. Wm. R. Hall, Justice.

OVERSEER OF POOR, J. M. Walker, Residence, Morris Place.

Scissorisms.

"Shear" nonsense—Clipping jokes.

—Trauce-migration of soles—Sleep walking.

The oldest Western settler—the evening sun.

—A man with a big nose isn't always handsome, but he's nobly.

—The trees have undressed and stand shivering in their bare limbs.

—The three ruling powers of today are the Press, the Pulpit and the Petticoat.

—The one thing needful for the perfect enjoyment of love is confidence. Same with hush and sausages.

—A postmaster not far off put up a sign as follows: "Postage stamps sold, but not licked."

—Oakes Ames's son has bought a railroad, and his next hereditary trait will be to buy a congress.

—A philosopher has discovered that men don't object to being overrated, except by the assessor.

—It has been proposed to change the name of New London, the centre for the whaling trade, to "Sperma City."

—The Supreme Court of Ohio has just decided that sending a dun to a man on a postal card is unlawful—as well as sancy.

—A debating society had under consideration the question—"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The decision arrived at was, "No; but impossible."

—John Frode is no more. You probably didn't know him. He lived in Western Missouri, and on entering the smoke house of a friend to see how the hams got along a trap-gun blew his head off.

—The "Sons of Ham" stand shoulder to shoulder, and sleep cheek by jowl. If they should not save their bacon in this way, and make both ends meet, they would be chopped into sausages.

—The Chicago lake winds are severe. An Eastern man says he has known them to blow the shell off a clam. If that was not a clamorous wind it must be admitted to have been a b-oysterous breeze.

—"Which is Grant?" said a six-footed Texan when the Presidential party was in the Indian Territory. The Chief Magistrate was pointed out to him. He then took a look at Sheridan, Angur, Babcock and the rest, and exclaimed: "Give me five dollars and I'll call out the whole party."

—A Mississippi boatman with immense feet stopping at a public house on the levee asked the porter for a bootjack to pull off his boots. The colored gentleman, after examining the stranger's feet, broke out as follows:—"No jack here big nuff for dem feet. Jacks come t' pull 'em off, massa, widout fracturing de leg. Yuse better go back about tree miles to de forks in de road an' pull 'em off dar."

MISS HASELBROOK.

BY "JOHN."

It was on a dark, cheerless December afternoon that I first saw Miss Haselbrook. There was a strong east wind, I remember, that threatened a storm, and I buttoned my overcoat closely around my throat as I closed the door of my office, and walked briskly up the quiet street in the direction of my home. By home I mean Mrs. Porter's boarding house, corner of Main and Washington streets, city of B—, which was all the home I had, being alone in the world, and am still, for that matter, a bony, hard-working editor, striving to serve to the best of my ability the great restless public, that seemed slow to appreciate my toil in its behalf. Yet I had no reason to complain, for I could feel, as I sat in the little back office of the *Messenger*, with an old steel pen between my fingers, that I was doing the work for which nature had fitted me, that I had found my place in the world. I felt very happy as I walked homeward on that December evening so long ago, with a strong east wind blowing fresh in my face. Things had gone well during the day, new advertisements had come in, an exchange had given me a friendly notice, and the copy of the *Messenger* protruding from my pocket contained an editorial written in my very best vein. I remember how gaily I ran up the steps when I reached Mrs. Porter's.

I know I felt quite in a writing mood, and thought as I entered my room that it was just the evening to finish a certain article I had commenced for a well-known magazine. I believe I went down to tea a little earlier than usual after the bell rang; the walk in the wind had given me an appetite, at any rate. I was almost alone at the table, and did not look up when the door opened to admit a new comer, until Mrs. Porter said, "Take a seat, Miss Haselbrook," and a lady sat down directly opposite. "A new boarder," I said to myself, and quietly raised my eyes. She certainly was not pretty. Dark brown hair, simply combed around a small, well-shaped head, beautifully arched eyebrows, a broad, unusually handsome forehead, rather large nose and mouth, although the latter was very expressive, and a pale, rather sallow complexion. "By no means handsome," was my verdict, after several stolen glances. And yet, there was something about Miss Haselbrook that attracted me in spite of myself.

Being a bachelor, I was somewhat fastidious as regards women. It had always seemed to me that a woman's place was at home. That women made good teachers, seamstresses, dressmakers, I admitted; they might succeed in any such feminine employment, but when they attempted to usurp us in our various professions, when a woman became a lawyer, a doctor, a journalist, or, worse than all, mounted the platform, then I was in the habit of a serious with emphasis, "she unsees herself." Literary women I despised. The few I had known, it so happened, were certainly not to be admired.

Never, I was accustomed to declare, would I marry a literary woman. I wanted a wife who was a good housekeeper, who knew how to make home pleasant, and who could talk of something besides books and papers, when I came home at night tired to death of such subjects as these. My wife must be a gentle, sweet, affectionate woman, intelligent, yet not anxious to impress others with a sense of her superior learning, modest and retiring, finding her chief pleasure in making home happy. Tell-tale ink stains should never be seen on her pretty fingers; woman's rights meetings, she should regard with righteous indignation; voting she should look upon with horror. I remember feeling thankful, as I looked at Miss Haselbrook, that she had not the appearance of a literary woman. I watched her covertly as she quietly sipped her tea, stirring it daintily with the while. Her hands were simply beautiful. Small, white, with tapering fingers, and rosy nails. One seldom sees a really pretty hand. Small hands are common, but they may be red and rough; there are many white hands, with very long fingers perhaps; hands both small and white are sometimes seen, but they are sure to have square nails. A white, small, well-shaped hand, with tapering fingers and rosy nails are rare, hold. I think Miss Haselbrook was what women call stylish. She wore that evening a plain black dress, and a black velvet basque, with only a soft white ruche at her throat, yet she seemed to me more dressed than any other lady at the table. She only spoke during the meal, except to say "thank you," in a low, sweet voice, when anything was passed her. She joined us in the parlor after tea, and soon I found myself beside her, chatting pleasantly upon various subjects, quite as though we were old friends. I discovered that she was fond of music, also; that she sang a little, and soon, at my earnest request, she seated herself before the old piano, played over softly a simple prelude, then quietly began to sing. Now I love music passionately, really good music gives me exquisite

pleasure, and I was especially fond of singing, seldom heard at Mrs. Porter's. Miss Haselbrook's voice was not very powerful but exceedingly sweet and clear. It did not show much cultivation, but every word was articulated distinctly, and she seemed to possess the faculty of entering into the spirit of the song with all her soul. Only a little German melody, a quaint old-fashioned ballad, yet sung with such infinite expression that it lingered in the memory of its hearers long after more ambitious efforts were forgotten. I think the execution of a difficult, prolonged trial was quiet beyond Miss Haselbrook's ability, yet when she chose, she could move her listeners to tears by her singing. Trills and quavers were never enough in their way, but expression is far more important after all. Together they make a perfect whole. I said something like this to Miss Haselbrook, and was glad to find that she agreed with me perfectly. In fact, our opinions upon various subjects were remarkably similar, which was pleasant, to say the least. I dislike to argue with a woman, they never yield an iota. How delightfully was spent that stormy evening in December!

And it was the best of the first of many more to follow. I look back upon that winter as one of the happiest of my whole life. Miss Haselbrook seldom left the house during the day, except for a short walk, perhaps, but staid quietly in her room, sewing or reading, I presumed, and in the evening made her appearance, perfectly dressed, pleasant, smiling, attractive as usual. She was one of the most intelligent women I had ever met. She had read almost everything it seemed to me. I could not speak of a book, new or old, but that she had either read it or could tell something about it. Now, I had always considered myself pretty well versed in general literature; but I soon discovered, to my dismay, that I must be careful when talking of books before Miss Haselbrook, as she was capable of correcting any mistakes I might make. Really, she had read more than was necessary for any woman to read—so I used to think—but then, I supposed she had little else to do, staying in the house as she did, and after all, I liked to meet an intelligent woman, provided she was not too conscious of her superior knowledge, and did not monopolize the conversation. Miss Haselbrook was certainly a woman among a thousand, interesting, attractive, yet modest without, accomplished, talented, yet not a blue stocking. Of this last I had become thoroughly convinced. I admired her exceedingly the first evening we met, and it is not strange that my admiration and respect increased day by day. Early in the spring, a new work by a certain favorite writer, whose *nom de plume* was "Violet," made its appearance, and soon became deservedly popular—in fact, it was the book of the day. A copy was sent me to notice very soon after its publication, and I took it up eagerly, thinking, I remember, that for once I would have the satisfaction of reading a book before Miss Haselbrook. I had intended simply to glance through the volume, but after perusing the first few pages I had grown so interested in the story that I could not lay it down until finished. I had read very few of the author's previous writings, knowing her to be a woman, but I decided, almost against my will, that she evinced in her last work something akin to genius. I believe I forgave her for being a woman. I found myself thinking that a woman who could write like that had no right to do anything else. A blue-stocking she should remain to the end of her life. I immediately seized my old steel pen, and wrote as flattering a notice as the author could desire for the next issue of the *Messenger*. That very evening I took the book down into the parlor with me.

Miss Haselbrook was sitting quietly in one corner of the room, weaving together bright colored worsteds, which employment displayed her pretty hands to fine advantage. She looked so sweet and womanly as she sat there working, the light falling on her dark brown hair, that the thought flashed across me, shall I ever see my wife sitting thus? and there was a strange, sharp pain at my, though old, bachelor heart. But I conquered it bravely, and held out the book.

"Miss Haselbrook, have you read Violet's last novel?"

"Oh, yes," she said, simply, whereupon every one laughed.

"What do you think of it?" she continued; and I straightway praised the work in the highest terms, concluding with, "Well, I must say, that if I had read that book without knowing who was the author, I should have pronounced it written by a man."

"Which is the highest praise you could bestow," said Miss Haselbrook, somewhat sarcastically.

"My dear madam," I continued, "I admit that some few women can write as well as men, but as a rule they do not excel, and permit me to add, that I never did, and never shall, like a literary woman."

"Why?" she asked, quietly.

"Why? Oh, because they are always strong-minded; want to vote, and all that sort of thing, and bore you to death talking

of their valuable productions. I know all about them."

"Then you think that a woman can not be strong-minded in any sense of the term, and not want to vote; cannot be a good housekeeper and yet write for magazines; you think true womanly sweetness incompatible with literary ability?"

Miss Haselbrook spoke rather excitedly, I thought.

"I think such combinations exceedingly rare," I answered, and adroitly changed the subject. One evening, about three weeks after this, I stepped into the spacious parlor of a friend upon his urgent invitation, and found quite a large company present. There were artists and musicians and journalists for my friend would know no other, and was a journalist, himself—chatting together in as free and unrestrained a manner as possible. I had no sooner entered the room than a brother journalist laid his hand on my shoulder and greeted me right heartily.

"Have you heard that the brilliant authoress, Violet, is to be here this evening?"

"No," I answered, somewhat astonished.

"What is her real name?"

Before he could reply, our host stepped up.

"Come," he said, hastily: "I want to introduce you to Violet; she is in the next room."

Forgetting my dislike to literary women, I followed him eagerly. A lady stood near the door, surrounded by an interested group, but I should not see her face, as her back was toward us. I remember thinking, however, that there was something very familiar about her, and just then my companion spoke to her, when she turned.

"Miss Haselbrook," he began, but before he could finish she held out that pretty hand, she said, sweetly, "I think your friend and I have met before."

It was very late when I retired that night, I remember. I sat thinking before the fire until almost morning. It was after my third cigar that I leaned back in my chair, and gazed thoughtfully in the smoldering coals.

"John Worthington," I said to myself, "John, old boy, you're in love with a literary woman!"

As I wrote these words, a soft white hand, with a tiny pink stain on one tapering finger, the hand of my wife, is laid upon my shoulder, and a sweet voice says, reproachfully, "How could you write it all down, John?" I have answered, "Dear, as a warning to others," and she laughs softly, and says she will go and see if "baby is awake."—*Dennore's Monthly.*

Patch-Work.

—For a wedding song—Love knot.

—Montana is very short of women.

—Sweets for the ill tempered—Tartar sanges.

—Light-headed women are not necessarily blondes.

—Why was Ruth very rude to Boaz? Because she pulled his ears and trot on his corn.

—A young lady says she longs for fingers like the prongs of a pitchfork, with diamond rings enough to fill them to the ends.

—"Halo" bouquets are considered the prettiest just now. They are a fac-simile in velvet of a dishpan with a brim.

—There is no excuse now for bridal parties not going to Europe. The Innman and other lines advertise cabin rates as low as \$50.

—Wedding fees are said to rank low this year; in prudent remembrance, doubtless, of the high price of divorce.

—The curries polonaise is destined to become generally popular. It is rather a stylish garment, says our stout people.

—"The honeymoon is well enough," said a prudent belle, "but what I want to see beyond that is promise of a fine harvest-moon."

—Modistes are becoming alarmed. So many ladies make their own dresses! What shall we do? Lower your prices, madames!

—The latest Paris murderess, aged 19, confesses to have committed the crime to buy herself a new dress. This isn't dressing to kill exactly.

—There are more kid gloves sold in New York than in any other city in the world, gloves to the value of \$10,500,000 being annually bought by dealers in that city.

—There is a new fringe for trimming ball and party dresses called seaweed fringe. It resembles seaweed very much, and is very pretty, besides being unique.

—You can tell home-made bonnets this season by the way the material is put on the frame. Unless even and perfectly smooth on top it cometh not from the milliners.

—There is no foolishness about courting in Switzerland. There no girl is allowed to break her marriage engagement unless her lover loses both legs; and then her excuse is considered a lame one.

—Wedding invitations are now issued on the legal note sheet, the text being engraved in script lengthwise. No initial, crest or monograms are used either on the note sheet or envelope. Everything is plain and simple, bordering on economy.

—Some of our wealthiest people are feeling the hard times keenly. A lady yesterday declined to pay more than \$175 for a velvet cloak, on the ground "that there were so many poor laboring people out of employment and needing the necessities of life."

—At a recent concert in Liverpool Adeline Patti sang a waltz called "La Diva," which was red-manded, and when it was over the Duke of Edinburgh jumped on to the stage, and taking both hands of the cantatrice's hands in his, shook them heartily in the presence of the whole audience, which of course screamed with delight.

Fashions in Furs.

Winter has tarried somewhat on his way, but he has come with the last days of November and the chill blasts of the cutting wind send us shivering along the streets and bid us armor ourselves in paucity of furs. Now is the season to lay aside our fall clothes and deck ourselves in the spoils of the hunter and so we shall tell our readers what to wear in furs.

SEAL SKIN.

As has been the case for several seasons, the fur, in most immediate regard, is that of the seal. The handsomest and most costly skins are those from the South Shetland Isles; but when quality with cost is considered, the preference must be accorded the skin of the Alaska seal—more beautiful for the amount demanded, and more generally purchased.

A set of seal skin consists of a saque or jacket, a muff and box, a cap or turban, and gloves. Seal skin saques are longer than those of last winter, measuring now from twenty-six to thirty-two inches, and are slightly shaped to the figure in the back. They are single or double breasted with full easy sleeves. Trimmed seal saques are more dressy than plain ones; these have a wide border, cuffs, and collar of some other rich fur, such as sable, unplucked otter, fisher tail, silver fox, chinchilla, beaver, or black marten.

ASTRAKHAN FURS.

Those who are more economically inclined will invest in the black curled furs known under the general name of Astrakhan. They are now so reduced in price as to come within range of most modest purses. Good saques of the Russian lamb-skin are sold for \$30, the black Persian saques of finer quality cost \$45 or \$50, while those of the fine silken Persian that resemble moire antique \$100. A boa and muff of the Russian lamb-skin cost from \$6 to \$12; made of the finer black Persian, they cost from \$15 to \$20.

SABLE SETS.

The first choice in fur sets, consisting of muff and box, is the dark Russian sable. Lighter Russian sable is far cheaper than the dark skins, and costs from \$250 upward for a set. Hudson Bay sable is a rich warm fur, and in its finest dark qualities is preferred to the light Russian sable. A boa or collar of this fur costs from \$40 to \$150, and a muff to match will double the expense. Sable-tail sets are very dark, being made entirely of the tail tips, and cost less than correspondingly dark shades made of fur from the body of the animal. They range from \$150 to \$400.

BLACK FOX AND FISHER-TAIL SETS.

The next choice after sable is a set of black fox, a long dark fur that is now very scarce. A set costs from \$200 to \$300. Many ladies content themselves with a muff of this fur, as rolling the fur to form a boa displays the roots, and detracts from its beauty. Very stylish sets are now made of the tips of the fisher-tail, which resembles handsome sable, and costs from \$75 to \$150.

OTHER FURS.

Sets of black marten, or, as known by many, Alaska sable, range in price from \$13 to \$20; bands for trimming from \$2 upward. In reference to this fur we would caution our readers against the purchase of black marten, except from the most reliable and responsible furriers, as the skins unless thoroughly deodorized, are apt to breed worms in the pelt for their own destruction, beside being more than ordinarily attractive to moths.

Sets of black beaver sell at from \$24 upward. This is a very beautiful, glossy, and serviceable fur, and we predict for it an increase of favor. Bands for trimming sell at from \$4 to \$8 per yard.

Mink is considerably reduced in price, and in its fine qualities is preferable to the light Hudson Bay sable. Fine dark sets now sold for \$60 were formerly worth \$80; the prices being as low as \$18 a set. Ermine is still liked by many for evening wear, and is bought largely at its now reduced price. The purest and whitest sets of ermine are sold for \$30. Large garments of this fur are chosen for evening wraps. Sets of the white grebe, once so fashionable, are sold for \$22.—*N. Y. Mail.*

THE FITCH-SHERMAN MARRIAGE.—A Washington writer says: Since the marriage we have been let into the secrets of the courtship a little. The young man was not over sanguine when the young lady referred him to her pa, and he approached the awful presence feeling uncertain whether he would succeed or be tried by court martial. However, he managed to ask for what he wanted, and stood waiting for the verdict. The General heard him, and then turned upon him abruptly with the question: "What can you do?" "Do? Why I can build an engine, put it up and run it!" "Give me your hand. You are the boy for me. Now go and ask Min. what she thinks about it." That is the way the General got rid of that application. It is almost too late in the day to speculate as to what Min. thought about it.

EARTH, air and sunlight, the servants of man. The gardener has but to plant his cabbage and nature will put a head on it.

Professional and Business Cards.

CHARLES H. BAILEY, M. D.
[LATE OF THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL.]
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE: NEXT WILDE'S STORE.
Office Hours, 8 to 10, 1 to 6, and 7 to 8. Boards at Park House.

W. K. WILLIAMSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
MASTER IN CHANCERY.
748 BROAD STREET.
Notary Public and Commissioner at Law for New York.

A. G. McCOMB,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Lots and Farms Surveyed.—Street Lines and Grades given, either by Contract or by Day Work.
OFFICE ON FRANKLIN STREET.
Next door to the German Theological Seminary.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

OWEN & HURLBUT,
SURVEYORS,
Jacobus Building, Opposite Pres. Church,
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

D. C. S. STOCKTON,
DENTIST.
(Successor to Drs. Colburn)
No 15 Cedar street,
Newark, N. J.

J. B. PITT, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presbyterian Church.
Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

RUDOLPH BRUETT,
HOUSE PAINTING, GRADING, &c.,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
BLOOMFIELD AVE.,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT
DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.
Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

SAMUEL CARL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Keeps constantly on hand
CLOTHES, CAMMELIDES, VESTINGS, READY MADE
CLOTHING & GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.
BROAD STREET.
BLOOMFIELD.

JOSEPH H. KEVELAND,
PRACTICAL PAINTER,
SIGN-WRITING,
ORNAIMENTAL PAINTING,
GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c.
Corner Linden avenue and Thomas street,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
All orders promptly executed.

N. H. DODD,

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS
Built to Order.
Also
CARRIAGE PAINTING,
Trimming and General Blacksmithing.

Repairing of all kinds attended to with neatness and dispatch.
BLOOMFIELD AVENUE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

P. HENS,

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
WASHINGTON AVENUE,
Between Archdeacon's Hotel and Baptist Church,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Custom Work carefully attended to.

THOMAS T. CADRUS,

BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY,
AND
ICE CREAM SALOON,
BLOOMFIELD CENTRE.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

BLOOMFIELD NURSERY,
JOHN RASSBACH
Proprietor.
BASKETS, BOUQUETS, WREATHS, CROSSES, &c.,
For all suitable occasions.
Orders promptly and faithfully attended to.
JOHN RASSBACH,
Cor. Midland and Macfie avenues
Bloomfield, New Jersey

SMITH E. PERRY
REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER,
BROAD STREET, ABOVE DENSON
Bloomfield, New Jersey

